ANNE MORGAN'S TIPLESS TROTTERY

Noon, Afternoon and Evening Dances Are Given Daily at Cafeteria on Top of New York Theater So That Lonely Girls (and Men) May Enjoy Life, Just Like Real Society.

MRS. W.K. VANDERBILT © by MISKIN

MISS ANNE MORGAN

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE. © PHOTO by BAIN.

EMPLOYEES WON'T ACCEPT TIPS.

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER

THE terror of the city is loneliness. It stalks in the sunlight, a chill, gibbering spectre, where men brush elbows in the city streets; where they work in intimate nearness over desks; where they live across the hall and up the stairs in tenements. It lingers in the darkness and flares suddenly in the saffron-colored jet of the third floor back, grimacing at the shabby chair and table, the cracked mirror; leaping toward its reflection in the harassed eyes that stare drearily into its own; weighting with its hopelessness the sobs that tremble against the thin walls of the hall bedroom. It slithers through the thick walls of the first floor suite, a malignant, insidious disease, burning like fever fires in the veins of the soul.

It thrusts icy fingers between the unsubstantial threads of bargain counter blouses and winds them around the hearts it finds there; and around hearts beating under Chantilly and chiffon, rose pink beneath shaded lights, it winds its fingers in a dread, stifling grip.

Sometimes the tenant of the third floor back buys surcease from the clinging, virulent fingers with a dime and a too smiling, too plausible, too white-lipped legend for the drug clerk's record. And all the next day the saffron jet mingles its murky gloom with the telltale odor of acid in the sodden room, while swollen lips smile above the bargain counter blouse.

And well for the suicide—may her soul find forgiveness and the heaven of a million spirit friends.

For the spectre is the lying offspring of the Father of Lies; in the solitude of the two-dollar-a-week-fifth-floor-back or the five-dollar-a-week-second-floor-front it begs the ghostly privilege of being laid; it shrieks through the deep recesses of the soul for friendly voices; voices lightly tossed like silver balls over flower-decked tables; music in the background like tunes hummed subconsciously under sheen of happiness; the tinkle of glasses clinking friendship; filmy streamers of laughter floating over it all.

The spectre begs, demands, and drags into the tortured life of the haunted woman the sleek, blue-shaven, heavy-lipped, watchful-eyed face that headwaiters and taxi drivers associate with ponderous tips, and that women see most often across sparkling gold rims around sparkling gold wine. She drinks his wine and wears his violets and romps through the hours that gayly trickle from the coffers of Time as the coins gayly trickle from his pudgy hand; romps and prays for the merciful kindness of the spectre when the reckoning comes.

Once the spectre glided through the heart of the Greatest City, through gilded walls where were luxury and happiness, to linger, a vision, before a woman who had never been lonely. The secret of its parasite existence was revealed; suddenly she understood the lives of the city's haunted men and women.

Because she was strong enough to cope with it single-handed, she began the fight then. Later it led her through highways and byways that she, who had worked for the city's people, had never found before. Long afterward it influenced her to establish a dance hall.

Broadway calls it "Anne Morgan's Roof Garden."

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The spectre slips into the life of haunted woman a predacious face, with porcine eyes appraisingly cold as steel registers, and a waiting smile.

It's not the scrawny, striving girl in the bargain-counter shirtwaist and the year-before-last hat that comes under appraisement of the fastidious registers. Coins that trickle through pudgy hands buy the best; only the woman whose rounded cheeks are warmed and smoothed pink and velvet by comfortable living and whose grooming compares in quality with the thin sparkling wine in the thin sparkling glasses that he puts before her need feel—and fear—the subtle cruelty of his kindly entertaining.

A girl whose careful grooming matched the velvet of her cheeks whitened a little as she stepped from a limousine on Broadway; whitened a little and recoiled a little from the pudgy hand put out to assist her. But her smile flashed responsive to the heavy-lipped smile of the man in the car; she waved goodbye as he drove away. Then the light died out of her face as the artificial glow fades from a turned-out lamp, and the white, sick look came again while she stood rubbing the fingers the pudgy hand had touched.

A thoughtful-eyed woman leaned from an electric where the limousine had stood.

"Would you mind having tea with me?" she asked the girl. "I think perhaps you can answer my problem—and maybe I can help you with yours!"

She seemed so capable, so wholesome after the morbid atmosphere of the limousine, that after the first surprised gasp the girl climbed into the electric.

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There's nothing the matter with a certain old rose and mahogany tea room just around the corner from Broadway. Its lights are so shaded that they cast little glowing gold and pink pools in the dull satin of the tables; the rugs are thick and soft as topaz-colored moss; the armed wicker chairs are tilted so anyone who sits in them is bound to lounge. The toast there is thin as eggshell and the marmalade heavenly. And as for the tea! With the vapor of the tea floating like incense to the shaded lights, a woman on either side of the pot tells her heart's secrets to the woman on the other side.

Miss Anne Tracy Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, world-famous philanthropist, establisher of hospitals, restaurants, clubhouses for girls, leaned to the girl across the table.

"You're lonesome," she said, "or you wouldn't have driven with that man. Tell me just how you came to be that lonesome and what would bring happiness into your life?"

And the girl across the table brushed away a tear before she replied.

"He's the only man in New York that I know.

"Back home there were lots—oh dozens—of fellows and girls always dropping into the house in the evening or calling to take you to the theater or a party.

"I hated to leave. But I'd gone as far with my work as I could there. Everybody said I'd succeed here, and I have—with my work. But I never dreamed I could be so lonesome! Why I've lived in one house ten months and I've seen the girl across the hall only twice! The people in the office smile and mention the weather and forget I'm living until the next morning. The oppression—the awful feeling of being alone in vast, vacant spaces—was driving me insane. My room is awfully pretty and comfortable, but I got so I hated it; I was afraid to sit in it.

"That man is a member of the firm. He was the only one around the place that seemed to see me. He spends a great deal of money—ever so much too much, but he entertains splendidly. I think his kindness has saved me from doing something perfectly desperate. And yet—" The white, sick look was on her face.

Miss Morgan nodded. "You need company. So do other girls like you. There are hundreds of them. A club maybe, with someone to introduce them—"

The girl across the table shook her head. "Girls want men friends too," she said, "and men won't visit a girls' clubroom. A dance maybe—"

"A dance it will be," declared Miss Morgan. "A dance for girls that work—"

Again the girl across the table objected. "Please," she said, "that seems to mean the class of girls that work hard for small pay. They have their dances, and they go in groups if they haven't men friends to take them. It's the professional woman—that type you know—that suffers. If the dance could be made of a sort of semi-society affair, evening-dress-if-you-want-to, with chaperons to introduce girls and men and see that it didn't become too Bohemian—"

And again Miss Morgan nodded.

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Social democracy. That's the characteristic of Miss Anne Morgan's cafeteria lunch and dance hall roof garden over the Strand Theater at Broadway and 42d street. The night that it opened Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and Miss Elsie De Wolfe passed plates of bouillon and sandwiches across the lunch counter; Miss Elizabeth Barbury acted as reception committee and chaperon and Miss Morgan made change and punched tickets in the cashier's cage.

The enterprise, Miss Morgan explains, is not philanthropic. It's designed to pay a fair profit to herself and the others interested and its purpose is to provide social life to New York's lonesome men and women. One of the patronesses is always to be at the hall to provide introductions and partners for men and women who drop in alone. The admission fee of fifty cents a person is to cover all expenses of an evening. There's to be absolutely no tipping; you can't spend so much as a nickel to buy back your coat and hat from the check room attendant.

The serve-yourself luncheon feature is bound to make it pay, according to Miss Morgan's idea. An excellent luncheon may be selected for twenty-five cents; if you're not very hungry you can eat for ten. For those stricken with thirst there's a green-and-white latticed soda fountain in one corner. Alcoholic drinks are not sold. There's a separate corner for smokers, where they may recline in pale-green wicker chairs and read. Files of all New York papers are stacked at one side.

The hall decorations, attractively carried out in pale-green and white, were planned by Miss De Wolfe. The small tables are finished with silver oak tops and chairs to match and the lighting is done by rows of electric bulbs which throw their light upward from grooves near the ceiling.

A twelve-piece negro orchestra beats out the latest ragtime. The newest dances are not only permitted, but encouraged.

The hall is to open every day an hour before noon with admission free, to take care of office workers who wish to hesitate a round or two with their luncheons. Tea and more dancing will follow at 4:30 to 6:30. The evening session will begin at 8 and run until midnight or later if there is a crowd.

On the list of patrons and patronesses appear these names. Mrs. Charles S. Whitman, Mrs. John Purroy Mitchel, Mrs. William D. Sloane, Mrs. C. Grant LaFarge Mrs. Frederick Nathan, Mrs. Frederick W. Whitridge, Mrs. Henry Fairfield Osborn, Miss Lillian D. Wald, Miss Virginia D. Gildersleeve, Mrs. James Speyer, Mrs. Arthur S. Burden, Mrs. Morgan J. O'Brien, Mrs. Henry W. Taft, Mrs. John Drexel Mrs. Robert Bacon, Mrs. Arthur Iselin, Mrs. Henry Clews and Mrs. Otto J. Kahn.

Food and Shoes Made From Seaweed.

HUGE fortunes are being made from seaweed, which is now being collected and diverted into everything from food to shoes. The Japanese have probably had more success in the seaweed industry than any other people, but the dwellers on the Western shores of Norway, Scotland and Ireland are coming more and more to realize and appreciate the value of the slimy, green substance which is cast up on their shores so prodigally.

The Japanese employ some 600,000 persons in the seaweed industries. These are mainly engaged in preparing edible products. China alone, it appears, consumes $600,000 worth of gelatinous articles made from seaweed every year. Furthermore, the Japanese use seaweed in the manufacture of such diverse objects as policemen's boots, picture frames, marbled floors and electric switchboards. In France seaweed finds utility as a stiffener for mattresses and as size for straw hats, while the native fishermen of South Australia make ropes and fishing nets from the local varieties.